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Story of Fritz Duquesne, The "Soldier of Fortune" Prison Bars Couldn't Hold

AS TOLD BY INSPECTOR TUNNEY.

Was Boer Scout, Captured by English, Sent to Bermuda—Escaped.

Posed as American Officer to Spy for Germany in South America.

Shipped "Films" From Brazil on Steamer—"Films" Exploded, Steamer Sank.

Stored Other Films in Brooklyn Warehouse—Warehouse Caught Fire.

About to Be Deported to England for Trial on Murder Charge—Escaped.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

IF you can't keep a good man down, neither can you keep a Fritz Duquesne behind bars.

New York only a month ago was the time and place of the latest chapter in the story of Capt. Fritz Duquesne, soldier of fortune—a story which should have been written by the late Richard Harding Davis. About to be deported for England, where he must stand trial for murder on the high seas, Capt. Duquesne made one of the most ingenious escapes in the city's prison history. He was in the prison ward at Bellevue as a "hopeless paralytic patient," although he did remark nonchalantly, when brought there last December, "I don't see why I should stay here long."

He had convinced the doctors that he was too weak to turn in bed without assistance, yet he was strong enough, on the night of May 27, to saw in two a stout iron bar at his window, bend another, squeeze through the aperture, drop six feet to the roof of an ice shed, climb a six foot wall and a seven foot spiked fence to the street and then disappear into thin air, clad only in pajamas and bed slippers—all without attracting the attention of the guards, who next morning found a dummy of blankets in his bed.

Up to the present he has not been recaptured, and, reading the detailed story of the man's career in "Throttled!" the newly published book by Inspector Thomas J. Tunney, head of the Bomb Squad of the New York police, and Paul Merrick Hollister, one wonders if a gentleman of such resourcefulness, energy and variety of experience ever again will let the law lay him by his agile heels.

It was two men from Inspector Tunney's squad who, in December, 1917, placed Duquesne under arrest on the charge of unlawfully masquerading in the uniform of one of our Allies, that of a captain of West Australia Light Horse. After an investigation of the checkered pattern of his career, says the Inspector, "many of the fragments are missing, and some of them are probably in the wrong places; but this is the picture we found."

He began as the leading scout, on the side of the Boers, in the Boer War. Made a prisoner by the English and sent to Bermuda, he escaped.

ROMANCE ENTWINED WITH FIRST ESCAPE.

Inspector Tunney does not mention it, but there is a most romantic story connected with that escape. He had the aid of a Judge's daughter—who afterward became Mrs. Duquesne—and in getting away his itinerary included a long swim, the waylaying of an English sailor, stealing his uniform and stealing away on his ship.

"The lure of Africa," says the Inspector, "called to him and he went back. It was a likely spot for an international spy. During his survey of the publicity possibilities of the jungle, Duquesne conceived a few publicity possibilities for himself, and he came to America as a mighty hunter of big game."

He wrote and lectured on his achievements as a Nimrod, "Hunting Ahead of Roosevelt," and in 1910 occurred what to me is one of the most joyous incidents of his career. The gentleman from Louisiana then sitting in Congress introduced a bill to re-populate the backwaters of his constituency with families of hippopotamuses—which recalls the famous story of the Alderman who wanted to put into Central Park a male gondola and a female gondola—and let Nature take its course.

"Our bright and voluble Capt. Fritz," declares Inspector Tunney, "told the committee (of Agriculture in the House) extraordinary things of the home of the hippopotamus, the delicacy of its flesh, the amiability of its temperament, and the carelessness of its appetite." One of his arguments was that the hippos would eat up the river plants, which were exhausting the air in the water and thus killing off the fish by asphyxiation.

HIS "FLEET OF HIPPOS" FOR LOUISIANA BAYOUS.

"It is historic vaudeville," sums up Inspector Tunney. "A German spy teaching a class of American Congressmen about the hippo, and suggesting subtly that when they purchase a fleet of the great beasts for the Louisiana bayous they let him round them up. He would have done it if there had been American money in it."

A more sinister note is sounded in the captain's story when in June, 1915, the British Minister at Panama reported to his home office that Capt. Duquesne, travelling from Brazil to Trinidad with a United States passport, "poses as an American officer, but in reality is an intelligence officer in the service of the German Government." Color is lent to the report by a letter found in his possessions written by the German Consul in Guatemala to the German Consulate in Nicaragua, and warmly recommending the captain as one who "has on many occasions given many notable services to our good German cause."

THE FATAL UNDERTAKING THAT LED TO HIS ARREST.

It was a year later that Duquesne became involved in the episode that led to his being held—until his recent escape—on the charge of murder. He emerged from the jungle of Brazil as an explorer, laden with moving picture film. He placed on board the steamer Tennyson an iron trunk. "On Feb. 24, when the ship was coasting along the Brazilian forest toward the equator," says Inspector Tunney, "a terrific explosion occurred in her hold and three sailors were killed. The iron trunk never reached New York. Capt. Fritz Duquesne turned up presently in Buenos Ayres and embarked on a new audacity—nothing less than collecting the insurance of $80,000 for the loss of the film which he claimed to have shipped in the iron box."

From the Argentine he returned to New York. "He stored new films he claimed to have purchased in a warehouse at No. 437 Carlton Avenue, Brooklyn, stored them as 'statuary,'" according to Inspector Tunney, 'and used to visit the warehouse frequently. On one occasion he arrived after hours and tried, unsuccessfully, to bribe the watchman to admit him. About two weeks after the storage of the cases of 'statuary' the warehouse mysteriously caught fire. By a queer coincidence the 'films' which, of course, were destroyed in this fire, too, had been insured by their purchaser for $33,000, and he set out to collect the $33,000 for the total loss of his property."

HIS LAST ESCAPE IN CHARACTER WITH OTHERS.

Last November he pleaded guilty to an indictment charging him with presenting this fraudulent claim. It was found he did not own the films. Meanwhile a certain lecture bureau which shall be nameless swallowed him whole as "Capt. Claude Staughton"—lovely name—of the West Australia Light Horse, who "has perhaps seen more of the war than any man at present before the public, who has been four times gassed, three times bayoneted, once pronged by a German trench-hook," and who would be charmed to lecture on "German Spy Methods"—with that letter in his pocket commending him for "many notable services to our good German cause!"

He "gulled a few suburban Sunday schools," concludes his historian, "but his arrest put an end at least to his attempt to pick up a bit of odd change by collecting insurance." At the request of the British Government he was to be extradited within a week and tried for the murder of the sailors on the Tennyson, when he proved once more that stone walls do not a prison make for a soldier of fortune.

"Throttled!" is published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

The Annual Vacation Problems Of Mr. and Mrs. Manhattan

Be a Better Stenographer and Earn Bigger Pay

HOW TO SPEED UP YOUR SHORTHAND, INSURE ACCURACY AND INCREASE EFFICIENCY

Fourth of a series of twelve articles written especially for stenographer readers of The Evening World by Herman J. Stich, world's champion high speed shorthand writer and international authority on the subject. Mr. Stich, who is a court reporter, is the first shorthand writer to obtain a speed of 300 words a minute, twenty words more than the best previous record.

By Herman J. Stich

How to Secure Legibility.

ANYBODY can write shorthand, but only a good stenographer can read it.

Legible shorthand in the main depends upon four factors.

First: Choice of outlines.
Second: Precision of execution.
Third: Familiarity with your shorthand peculiarities.
Fourth: Mental concentration while writing.
Fifth: Vocalization and positional writing.

CHOICE OF OUTLINES.

The shorthand outlines for the words used in ordinary speech should be impressed on your mind through practice on the principles by the "speed sentence" method as already suggested.

The literature of your shorthand system will as a general rule give you the best outline for less frequently recurring though just as important words.

Never use one outline for a word at one time and a different outline for the same word at another time.

When you find outlines "clashing" avoid it wherever possible by changing the consonantal structure of one of the outlines. Where this is not feasible, vocalize one or another of the conflicting words or differentiate by means of positional writing. Be sure to write carefully. This in itself will obviate many conflicts.

PRECISION OF EXECUTION.

Unless neatly written, even the most error-proof shorthand will become illegible.

Preserve your proportions. See to it that half-lengths are half-lengths; that your single-lengths are single-lengths; and that your double-lengths are double-lengths.

It is a good idea to make your double-lengths triple-lengths and your single-lengths about two and a half times the size of a half-length.

Make your curves distinct curves and your straight strokes absolutely straight.

Medial angles, while sometimes of necessity "sandpapered," should be angles just the same.

Complete your circles so that they will not be mistaken for hooks.

Don't close your hooks or you will mistake them for circles.

Preserve your proportion in hooks and circles so that a small hook is not misread for a large hook or a small circle for a large circle and vice versa. Here, too, it is a good plan to exaggerate the large hooks and large circles. This will make them unmistakable and distinctive.

Don't bear down on your pencil or pen.

FAMILIARITY WITH YOUR SHORTHAND PECULIARITIES.

Every day in your newspaper you run across words (perhaps in this very article) which in the hustle and bustle of the typesetting rooms appear misprinted. Nevertheless you read them without difficulty.

In the same way, in the hurry of shorthand writing there may be an outline here and there which has become slightly distorted.

In fast shorthand writing this distortion of outlines is inevitable. As you write more rapidly your shorthand acquires more "swing," more fluency; your angles become more "sandpapered."

But all this should not in the least detract from the inherent legibility of your notes. By constant study and reading of your notes you unconsciously accustom yourself to departures from copper plate. It is not expecting too much to require you to be able to read your shorthand as readily and as unthinkingly as you read your newspaper.

Until you can write one hundred words a minute on editorial matter for a ten minute period everything that you write in shorthand should be read back. The methods indicated in the articles on Auto-Dictation (to be published later) will compel you to read back what you write along those lines.

But be sure to read what you write from dictation. The "speed sentence" method, one of the means of auto-dictation already dwelt upon, forces you to read the line above the one you are writing on. Be sure to read everything.

There is no royal road to fluency and facility in reading and writing shorthand. You must attain thorough error-proof outlines and familiarity with your notes. And the only way to become familiar with your own notes is to read them. That is the only way you will learn to recognize your personal peculiarities of penmanship. So that when an occasional outline is badly executed you will be able to read it correctly.

It is hard to say it, but it must be said that if you do not wish to take the trouble to read back your notes, you may as well quit striving to become a high-speed writer. Spend your time profitably.

When you can write 150 words a minute on fairly difficult editorial matter with 100 PER CENT. ACCURACY, or thereabouts, you need read back only half what you write from dictation.

Until then READ BACK EVERYTHING.

(Mental concentration, vocalization and positional writing will be taken up in the next article.)

America's Pioneer Wood Engraver.

THE first engraver of wood in America, Alexander Anderson, was born in New York 144 years ago. His father was a Scotchman, the publisher of a newspaper. Anderson first became a physician, but in 1798, after having performed many deeds of heroism fighting the yellow fever epidemic of that year, he abandoned medicine and made engraving his life profession. He died in Jersey City at the age of ninety-four, and a vast number of books illustrated by Anderson vouch for the ability and industry of the pioneer in the art of wood engraving in the New World.

Bolshevik Villistas of Russia The "Bad Boys of the World," *SAYS THE METROPOLITAN OF ODESSA* Movement Is Killing Itself; Omsk Government Is Gaining

"Peasantry Are Repudiating Bolshevism and Joining the Armies of Kolchak and Denikine—Want Drastic Reforms, but Not Violence and Chaos—Want an Orderly and Just Government, a Democracy.

By Zoe Beckley

"I AM a radical. One can be a radical without being a Bolshevist. The Bolshevik group are the Villistas of Russia—the bad boys of the world. Do not take them too seriously. Deal firmly, but remember diplomacy and example are better than anger and violence. Myself, I hate violence. Yet I do not hate the Bolsheviki. They are angry at me because I will not be angry at them. They threatened to kill me, even. But here I am, you see."

I saw a rugged, robed and wind-tanned high priest, Platton Rozschestevensky, Metropolitan of Odessa, representative from Kiev and Moscow of the Orthodox Russian Church. He has just arrived in New York to appeal for the support of the Kolchak-Denikine Government at Omsk, and the preservation of the religion without which he believes his people cannot thrive.

He is picturesque and kindly, with big blue eyes which he closes as he talks, flowing gray-black hair and grayish whiskers of scope and profusion. The canons of his religion forbid marriage, yet he has so understanding and brotherly a manner that there is no suggestion of his being aloof from all the humanest affairs of life.

The Metropolitan speaks limited English, so a fluent friend told him the visitor wanted to know how this greatly feared Bolshevism was ramping along in Russia.

"It is killing itself," said the priest simply. "It has lasted surprisingly long. But by this sign I foresee its passing—that the peasantry are repudiating it. The people are joining the armies of Kolchak and Denikine. They want drastic reforms, but they do not want violence and chaos. They are weary of them, for they have suffered long under the old and dark regime.

"Nobody in Russia wants imperialism. Stories are current that Kolchak is an Imperialist, a slightly modified Czar. This is positively not so. The tales are circulated by enemies of the Co-operative Movement. If Gen. Kolchak and Gen. Denikine are supported morally and substantially they will give the people a government based upon the workable principles of Socialism.

"There will be nation-wide education, an equable division of property, freedom for both sexes and all classes, separation of Church and State, municipal and state ownership of necessities—in short, an orderly and just government, a democracy. I am a radical"—and he spoke the words that open this story.

The Metropolitan fled from Odessa just two days before the Bolshevik Red Army took possession of it about three months ago. There was a price upon his head, and he was forced by his followers to leave under escort of French troops.

"But I did not fear them," he assured me. "I have faced many mobs which were mad with blood lust. In 1905 at Kiev I stopped 20,000 men who were bent upon a massacre of Jews. In 1915, at Chotin, in Bessarabia, I prevented another pogrom. In Odessa I forbade the pogrom and instituted drastic measures to enforce my order. I believe the Bolsheviki would not have harmed me. They know I stand for most of the reforms their programme calls for. But I oppose their methods of obtaining them.

"It is not true to contend that violence and wholesale murder was the only course to pursue. Millions of Russians of the Centrist group belong to the Co-operative Movement and would have aided the overthrow of monarchism and rule of might. But they passed over the logical, orderly steps. They reached too far. They cannot last. They should not be permitted to rule by force and anarchy any more than the Villistas of Mexico.

"I do not ask active intervention of the Allies or of the United States. But I ask support for the Omsk Government, and all the aid and force of example possible."

Platton Rozschestevensky is said to have created quite a flurry in the Duma some years ago when, as a Clerical member, he raised his voice for all sorts of political, industrial and social reforms. He is an ardent feminist and holds the sound belief that "sex is no barrier to thought and feeling," and that "women's ideals are equally necessary with men's in the making of a good world."

He is "brother to all classes and races" and was elected at Kiev by the Jewish Committee to protest against the cruel horrors of the pogrom and to gain certain rights and redresses for the Jewish people.

As we were talking a telegram arrived for the Metropolitan. It was brought in by a handsome blond Russian brother in a dark green habit, who knelt at the feet of the cleric and presented the envelope with a magnificent gesture, a low obeisance and a fervent kiss of the hand. The high priest said something quickly in Russian, the young man rose, and withdrew with a puzzled look upon his classic face.

"It is not intended as an expression of humility," the Metropolitan said, turning to me. "He means respect for the high office I occupy—and try to fill," he added with a smile.

"One cannot, then, have government without order and respect for authority?"

"I believe not," he answered with his very kind smile. "I know that the masses of the Russian people need their religion. But I believe in making that religion a useful, sympathetic and constructive thing—co-operative, not despotic."

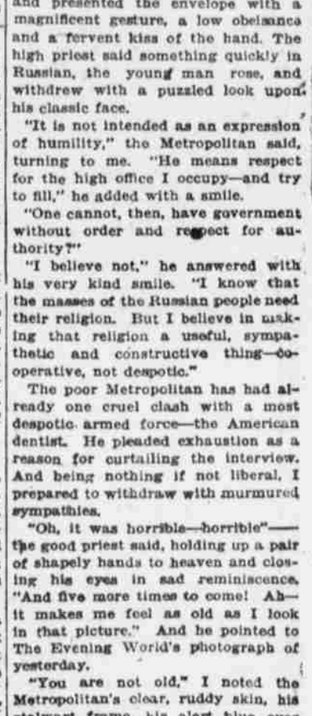
The poor Metropolitan has had already one cruel clash with a most despotic armed force—the American dentist. He pleaded exhaustion as a reason for curtailing the interview. And being nothing if not liberal, I prepared to withdraw with murmured sympathies.

"Oh, it was horrible—horrible"—— the good priest said, holding up a pair of shapely hands to heaven and closing his eyes in sad reminiscence. "And five more times to come! Ah—it makes me feel as old as I look in that picture." And he pointed to The Evening World's photograph of yesterday.

"You are not old," I noted the Metropolitan's clear, ruddy skin, his stalwart frame, his alert blue eyes and ready smile.

"Sixty," said he. "As for this"—touching his sunbrowned cheek—"I use nothing upon it but water."

OLD GINGHAM APRON'S MODERN SUCCESSOR



Morning Dress of Blue Chambray Piped in White Linen, Simply Made and Inexpensive.

WITH THE INVENTORS.

A patent has been granted a French inventor for a process for drying and bleaching seaweeds for packing purposes.